

THE POCOHONTAS TIMES

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In the Saturday Evening Post of April 8th, there is a story headed "Traveler's Repose." It is by a writer whose works are well known to us, so well that we have to be hard up for something to read, to follow him at all, though we usually read the Saturday Evening Post religiously, from kiver to kiver. This writer's name is Joseph Hergesheimer, and he always has some kind of a lesson to inculcate, and that does not suit us, who turn to fiction for surcease from sorrow, and not for instruction. We are thinking about quitting the pursuit of fiction all together for a

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name is Joseph Hergesheimer, and he always has some kind of a lesson to inculcate, and that does not suit us, who turn to fiction for surcease from sorrow, and not for instruction. We are thinking about quitting the pursuit of fiction all together for a curious reason. So many of the tale tellers are young and have a cruel way of classing people of our age as old. We hold with the old lady of this county who is ninety-eight and who has no patience with her daughter who is eighty when she complains of age.

So while the name "Traveler's Repose," had a familiar sound as that of the famous old tavern in the Upper Tract, we paid no attention to it for some time until we chanced to see that it referred to that identical place now called by the name of Bartow. Then with a sigh of duty we set down to see what the scandal was all about. Knowing the country pretty well, we soon saw that the story was laid on both sides of the Main Alleghany, in Highland and Pocahontas Counties. Mr. Higskrammer calls the county Greenstream and the nearest city Stenton and so forth.

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It seems that Mr. Hillsbarker spent some months along the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike and that the famous motion picture play, "Tol'ble David," is the result of his visit and that it was flimflammed in these, our mountains. And it is with the feeling of keen regret that we recently passed this play in the big city and did not go in to see it. We felt an urge too, and that was the subconscious knowledge that the play was about our own country, but it is only a matter of time when the play will be given here, for these are the days when Birnam wood comes to Dunsinane.

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Mr. Helhepper is pleased to observe that in Greenstream county that girls and women were ornamental only when they were very young, not more than fifteen or sixteen, and then only in the hours between their duties in the house and dairy. They married at once, after a few dances, a short courtship, and retired definitely to an existence of utility.

That shows that the famous author is either a chicken fancier, or that he is going blind, and should see either a preacher or a doctor. But then it is to be remembered that when publishers pay twenty-five cents a word for copy, that they are responsible for a lot of twaddle.

The study that the author has made of our country is dealt out by imagining a young man of moonshine blood going to the great war and coming back so far reformed as to abolish the still in his parlor. He is furthermore so impressed with the sin and misery of the world, and so imbued with the peace and content

without imports, but after reading what Mr. Hopscotch hath written, we have decided to do our own writing, and not trouble him for another helping.

It is a regretful thing that we have to contend with so many killings. We cannot get away from the fatal consequences. Men fight to the finish. And the particular brand of moonshine that is handed out nowadays seems to invoke the spirit of murder.

Last week we reviewed the case of Roy Houchin and the killing that followed a pleasant evening marred by the use of liquor and the killing at the end.

And this week, two days of the court was taken up in the trial of Henley Alberts for killing his brother-in-law, Elza Hinkle, at the end of another such family party with visitors, after an evening of feasting, music, dancing and drinking. The defendant was a rather irregular, sandy haired young man of twenty-

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eight, who wore spectacles, and looked about as harmless as any man in the room. But he had the thick neck, blood in the face, devoid of imagination lock, so often observed in murderers. We have known a good many, and we have yet to see one who showed that he had any grasp on future events, or any power to project his mind forward. Murderers do not realize that they are going to be hung until they feel the halter draw.

Alberts was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment. It was impossible to tell whether he was glad or sorry. He did not seem to be intrigued.

The verdict was right in our opinion, but we consider that it was the force of circumstances that got the prisoner into his trouble. There is a famous series of cartoons known as *Mutt and Jeff*, in which Jeff is ill-treated with great regularity. He has died a thousand deaths at the hands of Mutt. And it was apparent

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Mutt and Son, in which Son is ill treated with great regularity. He has died a thousand deaths at the hands of Mutt. And it was apparent that this man Alberts had been the underdog for years with a dangerous, overbearing brother-in-law. But when Alberts did the killing, he was so inept about it, that he did about everything that could have been done on the spur of the moment to pull off a killing that would make a hanging matter out of it.

Three woodsmen came to the house of Hinkle and Alberts, where they lived together, after supper one Sunday night in January, and they brought there a half gallon of death and damnation, doubly distilled and dangerous. The occasion of their stopping was that they had walked all the way from Cranberry woods and wanted some supper. The booze was passed around and Alberts took two drinks at least. Now liquor which makes life take on a rosy, hopeful tinge, as a usual thing, may with the innate perversity of inanimates, have just the opposite effect. This time it made Alberts mind

and the way from Cranberry woods and wanted some supper. The booze was passed around and Alberts took two drinks at least. Now liquor which makes life take on a rosy, hopeful tinge, as a usual thing, may with the innate perversity of inmates, have just the opposite effect. This time it made Alberts mind dwell on murder. It does look like murder pervades the air sometimes.

Hinkle, whose time had come, addressed a remark in friendliness to Alberts, and Alberts replied, "Yes, but—" It was no time for buts. What Alberts then said was apropos of nothing. "But you said you would kill me once." What an answer was that! His mind must have been charged with murder, for Hinkle jumped to his feet and showed a knife. He also seemed to have taken the precaution to put a saw swedge, (hand anvil) in his pocket. But the fuss was over in a fleeting moment. Alberts got a rifle and fired it while struggling with one of the woodsmen. And the woodsman got the rifle, emptied the magazine and hid it, and all thought the

jumped to his feet and showed a knife. He also seemed to have taken the precaution to put a saw swedge, (hand anvil) in his pocket. But the fuss was over in a fleeting moment. Alberts got a rifle and fired it while struggling with one of the woodsmen. And the woodsman got the rifle, emptied the magazine and hid it, and all thought the trouble was over again. Then Alberts came into the room where Hinkle was. Alberts was walking with his body tense and a knife held high, and in a twinkling of an eye had given one downward slash, and almost cut Hinkle's shoulder off. Hinkle then ran. The surgeons say that when a man is bleeding to death that he will run as far as he can and fall. Hinkle travelled for about two hundred steps. His journey was marked by a blood trail. It led him to the country road and he died in the road.

Alberts exulted. He challenged the world to conflict. The woodsmen ran. Alberts took the trail left by his victim and found him dead and returned to the house and told his wife and Hinkle's wife that

His journey was marked by a blood trail. It led him to the county road

Alberts exulted. He challenged the world to conflict. The woods-men ran. Alberts took the trail left by his victim and found him dead and returned to the house and told his mother and Hinkle's wife that Eliza lay dead in the road. When the man was found, the head was nearly severed from the body. Alberts denies that he is guilty of this atrocity, though no one else could have done it. Alberts went to the house of George Ramsey and in a wild incoherent manner came in on them at midnight carrying an open knife covered with blood, and told them that he had killed Hinkle.

These are some of the salient facts developed at the trial. Alberts was guilty not only of hard words but the blow, and to add to his offense the wild, insensate attack on the dead body of his victim added to the natural repugnance with which society viewed him. He was no student of murder as a fine art as portrayed by DeQuincey and other writ-

guilty not only of hard words but the blow, and to add to his offense the wild, insensate attack on the dead body of his victim added to the natural repugnance with which society viewed him. He was no student of murder as a fine art as portrayed by DeQuincy and other writers. He went wild with all the ferocity of a beast, and when he came into court it had passed from him and he sat there blinking through his spectacles listening to the case, and not taking a very intelligent interest in it either, so far as anyone could determine by his indifferent attitude. He went on the stand and testified that he was fighting for his life and that he defended himself with an open knife against a fighter who also had an open knife. But there were so many direct witnesses to disprove his story. He denied going to the neighbor's house, so far as his recollection served, and also denied having mutilated the dead body. It is possible that the liquor that he had drunk had brought on a period of

so had an open knife. But there were so many direct witnesses to disprove his story. He denied going to the neighbor's house, so far as his recollection served, and also denied having mutilated the dead body. It is possible that the liquor that he had drunk had brought on a period of forgetfulness. It is a well known fact that a drunken man may engage in many activities of which he remembers nothing when he is sober. But the witness claimed to remember the minutest details of the killing. It would have been better for him if he could have pleaded temporary insanity through the effect of liquor, for that generally reduces the offense to murder in the second degree, dating from the Bible, which declares that wounds without cause come from the use of wine, and if light wines and beer are responsible, there is hardly any length too great to go under the devil's aroused in a man's soul after a dose of moonshine liquor.

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And during this session at the typewriter we try to connect up the discussion of mountain character by a city writer, in which he intimates that the mountain women are not attractive, and the men dangerous; a write up of moonshine and murder cases at a big court; and a famous lecture from the lyceum bureau at the high school about the feuds and killings of Breathitt county and other counties in eastern Kentucky, which invites us to give thanks that we, his polite audience, are not as these other men are.

So we have to play all these cards including the speeches made by able lawyers about the killer, in which

ook- prosecuting attorney paints him a
n in fiend in human form, and the attor-
nicks neys for the defense as an unfortu-
im- nate man caught in the fell clutch of
in circumstances. No wonder the
ood Psalmist hastened to say with con-
who viction, that all men are liars. For
fatu out of the same mouth can come
ect blessings and cursings about the same
ot identical thing.

And while we know we have the best people in the world, the poor sinful world, yet we have to admit that we have murder trials, sandwiched between moonshine cases. And when the stage was set the other day and the expectant audience had gathered to hear the dramatic story of a horrible killing, a whisper went through the throng like wind through ripened grain, that a few minutes before there had been a killing by shooting at Cass, and that the killer had been caught, and that in due course there would be another attraction in the way of a murder

had gathered to hear the dramatic story of a horrible killing, a whisper went through the throng like wind through ripened grain, that a few minutes before there had been a killing by shooting at Cass, and that the killer had been caught, and that in due course there would be another attraction in the way of a murder trial at the court house. O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

We were interested in the curious persistence of Charles Vandevender, in the so called art of bootlegging. He seems to be devoted to the profession. He is a big broad shouldered six footer who looks like he could do as much work as any man. He lives at Thornwood the next town above Traveler's Repose, and while he did not have a still in his parlor he did have five gallons of white or colorless moonshine whiskey there that carried a bouquet that reached beyond the fourth row of seats. Vandevander is well known at the county seat having recently served some time in the county prison and being a well

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have five gallons of white or colorless moonshine whiskey there that carried a bouquet that reached beyond the fourth row of seats. Vandevander is well known at the county seat having recently served some time in the county prison, and being a docile member of that institution, he was let go before his time.

Suspicion attached to him again, and a search warrant was issued for his castle, and the officers went there to inquire. Vandevander was not at home to his visitors, and Sheriff Beard, who is about the most efficient and most polite of all Virginia gentlemen, regretted to disturb the family, and told them that he would conduct the search with the least possible annoyance to his neighbor. And in the front room almost the first thing that he saw was five half gallon jars of moonshine. It looked like he had been expected and that the fatal stuff was set out where he could not help but see it.

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gallon jars of moonshine. It looked
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cuting attorney referred to it as it
set on the table in charge of the sten-
ographer as an exhibit, that it was
enough poison to kill every body in
the room.

While the sheriff was packing up
to leave the premises, two other jars
was practically forced on him, in that
they were carried from the house to
the woodshed in the pockets of a
hunting cont.

The defense was that a man named
Welsher had passed that way a few
minutes before the arrival of the
sheriff, and had asked permission to
leave the liquor and the coat there,
and that they had been taken in as a
matter of accommodation without
knowing that there was anything in
the packages in the nature of a con-

matter of accommodation without knowing that there was anything in the packages in the nature of a contraband. And a lot of witnesses swore to it.

But that defense proved to have a weakness. In that the man Weisner came hotfoot to purge himself of the temptation of guilt, and brought a host of witnesses to prove that he was nine miles away that morning. That he had got the word in a day or two that the guilt was to be laid on him, and he and his witnesses had fixed the fact indelibly in their minds and he proved an alibi, thereby greatly strengthening the State's case.

The proceeding was under the habitual criminal part of the act by which a second offense is punishable by a penitentiary sentence, and when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty the court gave him the high limit, three years in the State's prison. The defendant is not a man to show emotion, but we noticed a whole lot of times wrinkled his forehead in a

the court gave him the high limit, three years in the State's prison. The defendant is not a man to show emotion, but we noticed a whole lot of lines wrinkled his forehead in a peculiar way when he was sentenced. He was silent. His color did not change. His features were immovable. But that knotted forehead showed emotion of some sort.

There was another case of the State vs John Reda. The defendant was an Italion merchant at Cass and the State intimated that he sold lemon and vanilla extract not wisely but two well. The prosecuting attorney stated that he did not claim that essential cooking flavors were unlawful, but that when they were sold as a beverage and drunk at the counter and that it was within the statute against selling intoxicants. A witness testified that customer bought a bottle of the flavor and poured it in a glass with some near beer and drank it. That is like the drink that they used to call "hot-box," in

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Cattle Wanted

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